INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1899.



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Reliable Advertisers of Facts



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A Seasonable Sale of Seasonable Clothing

This week will inaugurate a great sale of warm weather Suits. We have been preparing for it for some time and are now in shape to offer in three prices each, three different lines of unexceptionable bargains in Serge, Worsted-Cheviot and Thibet Suits. Market conditions made it possible for us to acquire the goods at wonderfully low wholesale figures and we offer it to our public at proportionately small prices.

The three essentials of clothing excellence are embodied to the highest point in these suits. FIRST-Strictly all wool in every fibre of the fabrics and the very best consciention and workmanship, insuring durability and permanent shapeliness.

SECOND-The newest New York fashions, which give them the grace and distinction of highpriced merchant tailored suits. THIRD-Unmatchably low prices.

Below we describe the three lines of the Three Special Suit Offerings. To these specifications and prices we invite the critical attention of clothes purchasers. You will not be able to match these values elsewhere at any time.

Serge, Worsted-Cheviot and Thibet Suits



At this price we offer a line of suits which cannot be equaled elsewhere for \$4.75 more money. The suits are beautifully made of standard all-wool fabrics, the fashions are stylish and full of distinction and the tailoring and trimming is equal to that of \$20 custom made suits. They are unmatchable bargains at the price.

We offer suits of a little more finely woven serge than we can at the first price. Hand padded collars and hand pressed lapels are a feature of this grade. The cloth is principally imported and is guaranteed fast color under all conditions. The serges have a close woven and beautifully finished surface which will give two good seasons' wear. The cheviots and thibets have all the grace peculiar to these fabrics when justice is done to them in the making. Surpassing bargains at \$9.50.

The \$11.25 line of suits is little short of a miracle in clothing value. Imported fabrics of the most famous weaves are used together with the richest and most luxurious linings and trimmings. Seams are hand stayed, collars and lapels are hand pressed, button holes are hand made, everywhere that hand work will contribute to serviceability and long life hand work is used. The swellest merchant tailor could not make better garments, and he could not employ as fine materials for four times the money that we ask for the suits. We invite the attention of the most exclusive wearers of fashionable clothing to these suits.

Nothing like comparison to settle values. Compare OUR GARMENTS with other stores' offerings. We are willing to submit our values to the most captious critics.

. STRAUSS & CO..

5 and 7 W. Washington St.

Money back here for the asking.

Removal Notice Y. B. CIGARS The Best Things

We are now in our new and enlarged quarters in the new Hume Building, 29 and 33 East Ohio St. PATTON BROS., 14 East Washington St. Princess Come and see us, or telephone

Aneshaensel & Co. Plumbing, Gas and Electric Fixtures.

MODERN

Moderate Prices. E. Court St.

DR. W. R. GEORGE. SIXTH FLOOR STEVENSON BUILDING.

Sold by all Dealers. Ask for it.

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES. E. C. ATKINS & CO. C Manufacturers and Re- Daws

Office and Factory, South and Illinols Streets Indianapolis, Ind.

SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS SPECIALTIES OF W. B. Barry Saw and Supply Co 132 S. PENN. ST. All kinds of Saws repaired.



In this world are the products of hard

PATENT flour is one of the few "best things" among the many food products offered the housewife. Unex-

BLANTON MILLING CO.

Drugs First Quality. POPULAR PRICES

Huder's Drug Store WASHINGTON AND PENNSYLVANIA STS.

Open all night.

SEALS, STENCILS, STAMPS. MAYER, SEALS, STENCILS, STAMPS

FEATURES OF LIFE ON BOARD STEAMER IN THE COASTING TRADE.

The Travelers Include Emigrants and Middle-Class Brazilians with Unusual Table Manners.

THE SUGAR AND COTTON LANDS

COTTON FACTORIES WHICH PAY 50 PER CENT. DIVIDENDS

Pernambuco and the Wonderful Ree That Incloses Its Harbor-The Farming Industry in Brazil.

[Copyrighted, 1889, by Frank G. Carpenter.] Manaos. It is a steamer of about 3,000 tons, and is a first-class ship in every respect. It was built in England, and it has all modern improvements. My cabin is and boys of a sallow white. lighted by incandescent electric lights and the dining room is finished in marble and to be used by no one but myself, and the The younger generation of the colored race

This is the rosy side of the picture, other- as slaves. wise there is comfort with a difference. The skip is crowded with passengers, and such men. Let me begin at the top deck. This Amazon. There are at least a thousand of beans twice a day year in and year out. and there are at least fifty babies and many are stark naked, as is the case with all the children under four years of age. These nude little ones sprawl over the deck in all sorts of attitudes. They play games, now and then wrestling together. I saw one feur-year-old boy who was playing horse | miles, inclosing a great natural dock, which riding a knotty stick between his naked naked boy saw the horse and coveted it. than half a mile wide and several miles He grabbed it, and there was straightway a long. The wall rock at low tide is, perhaps, fight, which ended in both children being captured by their parents and carried squalling to opposite sides of the deck. Some of the babies are quite pretty. consider it safe. To-day, for instance, I saw

It was a case of doing two things at the

hammock. She lies most of the time week old in her arms. Yesterday afternoon as I went by she was giving the baby a bath. She had placed a large gourd on the lustily, looking, in its nakedness, the personification of grief.

QUEER TABLE MANNERS. are tied to the rigging one above the other It is a great cotton State. The cotton is like the bunks in an Atlantic liner. Every raised on small plantations, few farmers and his wife, sometimes a mother and her | are cultivated chiefly with the ax, the hoe children. The poorest of the crowd sleep on the floor. They have no seats, and men, cut down and burned. The holes are dug shape of a sieve. This is filled with a mix- cheap, and I do not doubt but that cotton ture of rice, mandioca and meat. As a gen- growing after modern methods would pay. eral thing, they eat with their fingers, although sometimes a family has one or two

spoons, one knife and one fork. ty of food, and I the marble and gold walls and some on low wagons. lady who sits beside me at the table goes in this way. fishing in the mixed pickle bottle for little onions with the fork she has just been up by the girl on my left on her toothpick to some distance above Pernambuco. ting their toothpicks in their oily hair just over their ears, where our bookkeepers carcelled, and every package guaranteed. all may clean their teeth after the fish and year for five years thereafter, at the same turn it to the holder in order that it might As to the meals themselves we have four

9:30 there is a breakfast, which is much like a dinner in its number of courses and lows fish or meat fritters, then braised beef | pany in Bahia which has a million dollars and vegetables. There is always a bowl of capital. It operates six mills, running 440

farina or roasted mandioca flour on the table. This is sprinkled over the meat by 58,000,000 yards of cotton cloth annually. One some of the guests. The Brazilians like it. of the big factories of Rio de Janeiro imbut it tastes like sawdust to me. There is ports its thread. It belongs to an Italian also a mixture of dried beef and black beans cooked up in a stew and tongue served in different ways. The dessert is usually guava jelly, Edam cheese, oranges and bananas. The dinner bill is just about the same, the courses being made almost entirely of meats.

FROM RIO TO PERNAMBUCO. Our first port of call after leaving Rio, was the town of Victoria, the capital of the little state of Esperito Santo. Next we came to Bahia, where I stopped for some time and then made my way north on the same line to Maceo and at last to this city of Recife, or, as it is generally called, Pernambuco. Maceo is a pretty bright-colored town of about 25,000 people, the capital of the state of Algoas.

Algoas is about as big as West Virginia, and has about as many people to the square mile as Maine. It is an agricultural state, raising sugar, cotton and tobacco. In the warehouses at the wharves I saw sugar piled up like sand on the floors, and in the market place great quantities of tobacco twisted up in ropes from cables to clotheslines. Tobacco is here sold by weight, the customer directing how much

of the twist he wants. In this trip I see more and more the extent to which the negroes have intermixed PERNAMBUCO, Brazil, April 14.-I am | with the Brazilians. The majority of the traveling along the coast of Brazil. My half million people of Algoas have colored ship is a Brazilian steamer, which goes blood in their veins, and of the town of regularly from Rio to the mouth of the Maceo there are many more colored than Amazon. The distance is about 2,900 miles, white. During my stay I did not see a and the voyage takes fourteen days. It is score of pure whites, although there were almost as far from Rio to the Amazon as negroes in great numbers. Little negro it is from the mouth of the Amazon to babies of two and four years sprawled upon New York. This steamer is fast enough, the cobble stone streets. Negro boys rode but we stop at every port to take on and | yellow mules loaded with kerosene oil cans discharge freight, and we are all the time | slung to the sides of the animals in the crowded with passengers. By the Brazilian original boxes in which they were shipped laws all coast freighting must be done in from Philadelphia. The cans contained national vessels. This ship belongs to the water, and such boys are the water carriers Lloyd Brazilian line, which has the monop- of the city, who go from house to house little yellow girls and boys by the score going to school, and with them other girls

I visited the market. It covers a square, but the chief business seems to be done by warm salt water shower baths which I have | are, as a rule, shiftless, and the best of the negro population is that which once served

Most things were sold by the handful. corn and beans. These are the staple foods of the people. The Brazilians are, indeed, greater bean eaters than the Bostonians. The latter insist on having beans Saturday

IN PERNAMBUCO. Leaving Maceo we next stopped at Pernambuco, or, I should say, Recife. There i name of the city is Recife. The word "re cife" means "reef," and Recife gets its forms its harbor. This reef is a stone wall almost covered, but the Brazilians have sea dashes itself against it in vain. I shall should like to play with them, but I do not never forget my ride into this harbor. There miles long, spouting up all colors, shades

zil. The city has about 200,000 inhabitants. was pouring the water over the baby and it the South American Venice. It is a busy scrubbing it vigorously. The infant cried | port, about 1,000 ships coming to it every from Europe, and it has a vast trade, es-Speaking of hammocks, they are slung pecially in cotton and sugar. The State of growing more than two or three bales annually. Still the output is large. The lands and the bowie knife. The trees are first women and children sprawl about the deck | for the cotton seeds, and after this little in all sorts of positions all day and all more is done except to keep down the weeds night. They eat on the deck, squatting at | until the cotton is ready for picking. There their meals more like animals than men. is no plowing to speak of and no farming Each family has a round tin bowl of the in our sense of the word. Lands are very It is odd to see the cotton as it is brought And what do we first-class passengers eat | pound bales being slung to the sides of the and how do we eat it? Well, we have plen- | saddle. Some of it is brought in on ox carts

of the dining saion could make it taste good | The cotton is bound with rough sacking. there would be no lack of appetite. I am, It is often tied up with vines, being rehowever, something of an old maid in my packed after it reaches here. It is interesttastes. Perhaps I am becoming a snob. I ing to watch the loading and unloading of don't know. At any rate, I cannot get used the cotton at the presses. The negroes to the table ways of these middle-class carry the bales on their heads, often car-Brazilians. It disturbs me when the negro rying 200 or 300 pounds for a block or more

WHERE COTTON MAY BE KING. I am surprised at the extent of cotton using, and, having caught several and eaten | planting in Brazil. The amount raised is them, passes the bottle across the table to on the increase and the day may come her fat Brazilian grandma, who acts the when cotton will be king in parts of Brazil same way. I can't get used to seeing the as it is in our Southern States. It is raised strips of guava jelly for dessert being picked | north of Rio de Janeiro all along the coast and thus transferred to her plate, nor do I have seen it being loaded at nearly all the like the way some young men have of put- ports. A great deal of it goes to the Brazilian factories.

The government has now a tariff on cotry their pens, to bring them out at the ton goods which enables the cotton mills to close of the following course. I don't much | make money. Within the past ten years like the use of the toothpicks by all the 155 cotton factories have been established passengers between the courses, and I am | and the most of these are paying big diviprone to frown as I see the toothpick holder | dends. One factory paid a dividend of passed from person to person in order that per cent. its first year, and 10 per cent. steak. The other day I saw a man take a time greatly enlarging its plant. In the toothpick out of the holder, put it back of State of Algoas, below here, there is a mill his little girl's ear for a time and then re- which produces 125,000 pieces of cloth a year. It has 480 workmen. The first year be ready for some one else. The man who it was established it paid a dividend of 48 did this was evidently rich, for, although per cent. The second year it paid 50 per his shirt showed signs of much wear, it was | cent. and the third year 40 per cent. In the sprinkled with diamond studs and precious State of Bahia there are fifteen cotton stones of assorted colors. He had a dia- mills. There is one at Rio and they are to mond pin in his black string necktie and be found as far south as Sao Paulo. The southern mills get most of their cotton by ships from the north. In the State of Minas a day. The first is at 6 o'clock. It con- Geraes forty-six factories are in operation. sists of tea or coffee and a cracker. At Two hundred thousand workmen are employed and thousands of tons of cotton are annually consumed. I am told that these factories have something like \$15,000,000 capat 4:30 comes dinner. At 8 tea is served. factorie: have something like \$15,000,000 cap-The breakfast begins with a soup, then fol- ital. There is a single manufacturing com-

company, and is, I am told, doing well. Wages are much lower than in our cotton

factories. They range from 20 cents to \$1 per day. There are no strikes and the hours are long. Many of the factories make goods only to order, weaving the mark and name of the merchant on the goods. The most of the cotton manufactured is cheap. The width which the people of the interior prefer is twenty-six inches, but the higher grades of cotton goods are made in twentyfour, thirty-two and thirty-six-inch widths. This is also a sugar country. Pernambuco produces about 100,000 pounds of cane sugar a year. There are large sugar factories, and there are many factories where the sugar

is made into the native rum, for which

there is always a steady demand. SIGHTS OF A BRAZILIAN CITY. Recife is an interesting place. Its buildings are of bright colors, those of the business parts of the town being two and three stories. Many of them have walls of porcelain tiles and some have ridge roofs that make you think of the houses of Holland The town was once inhabited by Dutch, but the Portuguese drove the Dutch out, and long ago the city became entirely Bra-

Its people pride themselves on being among the most enterprising of Brazil. The town has newspapers, a public library, telephones, electric lights, street cars and public schools. It has a college, a gymnasium and an arche-

ological and geographical institute. The street cars are hauled by mules. It costs a cent and a half of our money a ride, and I doubt not at this the lines pay. Every one patronizes the cars, and whites, blacks and yellows sit side by side, as they do everywhere in Brazil. I rode down town the other day with a black maiden of fifteen years of age sitting beside me. At first I thought she was a servant, but, happening ing but the pangs of hunger induced them to glance down, I saw in her lap some books, to come in. which showed me that she must be a teacher book was La Fontaine's Fables in French, geography in Portuguese.

During my stay I visited the market. It is as fine as that of any American city, and meats especially are sold cheap. I saw ex-

and mutton at similar rates. sheep and goats in this part of the world. The goats are raised for their skins, which are shipped in great quantities to our country to be made into shoes. Hides are also exported. A queer thing about the sheep is ones gallop about without danger of being hurt much when they fall.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. TYPEWRITERS' SECRETS.

way to work in the rubber forests of the and Sunday, while the Brazilians take their They Are Kept Inviolate Even for Their Casual Clients.

New York Tribune. When the story of the ailling of Alexander Masterton by James Neale Plumb was published hundreds of people wondered why the victim had not been warned by the person who made a copy of the murderer's statement, which he carried with him to the Burlington Hotel. In this statement Plumb gave notice that he would kill his man, and filled in the passages in which the murder was foreshadowed, and that the typewrit-ten document was simply the story of the alleged wrongs which had made him des-

'did it' in type with as much interest as one the idea that the man contemplated murder never occurred to me, and it was never suggested by anything that the statement

But the circumstance opened the question One of the well-known men in that line

of business said: "A typewriter is the con-fidential clerk of the person who employs we knew how to keep silent in several lanwriters in hotels and other public places whom they have never seen before, and without a word of warning unfold their ousiness and private affairs to them. In allow the stranger to do the same work which at home they would intrust only to the confidential clerk. And still I have

time being is a machine, and when the no recollection of what has been written. us, and merchants and brokers give us opportunities to look into their business at fairs with as little hesitation as though the letters were orders for so many tons of coal

in a New York hotel for a number of years, said: "One meets many queer people and hears many strange stories in the regular typewriting offices, but the real place for experiences of that kind is a large hotel. Hotel paper is usually free for all, and all handwriting is alike when done with a machine; and, knowing this, hundreds of people who wish to conceal their identity or who fear to make evidence against themselves do their corresponding with the aid of the hotel typewriter. Correspondence goes through the hands of many of these hotel typewriters which, if published, would wreck the happiness of families; but the persons concerned seem to have no fear. and rarely instruct the operator to say

that?" or 'Will that be all right?" or some question of that kind. In those cases the safest and the best thing to do is to give the man to understand that his words have not been remembered, and I invariably tell such a man that he must get some other authority to pass upon the quality of his work. There are instances, however, when we must watch every word, particularly in cases where the person who dictates says in advance that he is not a good letter-writer and wants the letter 'fixed up' and made 'all right.'

suspicious people who tell us to destroy our stenographic notes if their letters happen to be taken down that way, and to 'say nothing' to anybody about their correspond-ence. One of this class dictated a letter to me recently which was of the gushing type. It had expressions of love and endearment in every paragraph, references to clandes-tine meetings and lots of contraband mat-

ter. When it was all done the man the notes from which he had dictated it into small scraps and asked me to put an en-velope into the machine, as he wished to write the address himself. It was an unusual request, but I fixed the machine for him and stepped away, and then heard him pick around for the letters. Finally he came to me and said he wanted another envelope. He made three unsuccessful efforts and then went away without an addressed envelope. and possibly had one written at another

Miss Rosenfield, at whose place part of the Plumb document was written, said that had come to her with work which "suspicious," and that in such instances she had always consulted her lawyer before doing the work. "But as a general thing," she said, "we do any work that is given to us, and as we consider ourselves the confidential clerks of the customer his secrets are safe with us."

In the Future. Philadelphia Telegraph.

be construed as license to lead a Janus-like

THE RED CROSS IN CUBA

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BENEFICENT WORK ALREADY AC-COMPLISHED IN SMALL TOWNS.

The First Orphanage Farm Estabe lished-Grim Results of Spanish Cruelty-Fair Land of Promise,

Special Correspondence Indianapolis Journal. GUINES. Cuba, May 8.-I wish my readers could see with their own eyes the great change which a fortnight's work hes wrought in Catalina. The poor little townof now about eight hundred souls, where four years ago were upwards of eight thousand-was the saddest place I ever saw. Half the houses were empty, their late tenants having gone to swell the gruesome collection of unburied bones in the Campa Santo; no traffic in the grass-grown streets, no business of any kind going on; the remnant of a once happy and prosperous population sitting idly in their desolate homes, mourning for their dead and too stunned by repeated blows of adverse fortune to entertain either hope or ambition. Destitute children, without any living relatives, were huddled in abandoned houses, sometimes singly, oftener in groups of three or four together, subsisting on whatever they could forage and grown eny as the burrowing creatures of the field. I told you in the previous letter how a branch of the Red Cross Society, under Miss Barton's field agent, Dr. Hubbell, came to Catalina some two weeks ago and gathered all these or-

phans into a comfortable home. The task

of collecting them was no easy matter, for,

young as they are, previous hard experiences

had taught them the fear of man and noth-

After this sorry flotsam and jetsam of cent garments, their vermin-infested rags another was an algebra and the third a | burned, itch and ulcers anointed, heads partially cleared of lice and general suffering alleviated, they seemed altogether different mortals. It was reward enough for our unpleasant toil to watch the dawn of hope cellent beefsteaks offered at 8 cents a pound in the little faces and see the expression of abject misery displaced by heavenly con-Speaking of mutton, they have very good | tent. When the few who were first gathered in found that no fresh calamittes awaited them, but only food and kindness, one and another stole away to bring back their more timid friends, who had hitherto eluded our search. In some cases the sick lad that one variety is used by the children for | dragged themselves off, like wounded antemals, to secret hiding places, and others fled like frightened hares at our approach, In one filthy hut two young girls were found one of them dying of consumption. In another were five small brothers and sisters, the oldest a girl of perhaps thirteen years, who, with brute-mother instinct, stood ready to defend the little brood with her life. if need be. An older girl, delicate and refined, the daughter of a once well-to-do family, every member of which but herself and one small brother had died of smallpox. was literally shelterless and with no protection whatever. Another very pretty girl of twenty was disabled by a great ulcer in the leg, primarily caused by impoverished blood. which had eaten to the bone and grown large as the palm of a hand. But why multiply cases? The above are only samples of many. equally harrowing.

NATIVES CO-OPERATED. With their own willing hands our ladies scrubbed the vacant bouse given for our use by the village alcalde, or mayor, after which it was thoroughly disinfected of all possible disease germs and fitted with clean cots and other conveniences. Meanwhile, the young ladies of the town, aroused by good example from their apathy of grief, banded themselves into a club to carry on the work begun by los Americanas. They brought two or three sickly sewing machines owned in the neighborhood and came every day to work under intelligent direction. They made clothes for the children. assisted in the simple cooking, gave the little ones their daily bath and undertook the task of teaching them to read and sew. Dr. Aurelio de Flores, a young physician of Catalina, took charge of the medical department and came every day to treat the sick, cleanse the sores and anoint the eruptive diseases; and, in due course, the clean, well-appointed orphanage was turned over to native hands, equipped with stores and medicines for some time to come, and the Red Cross went on to other fields. I give never heard of a case where a man has you this, perhaps, too lengthy description been 'given away.'
"The typewriter of the right kind writes the words which are dictated, and for the with slight variations, of what is done in every other place. As to the future of these children, who cannot always be kept in an asylum, Dr. Hubbell's idea is to fit them for useful lives by having each taught some trade or occupation. To this end, a meeting of the citizens was called one evening in the alcalde's house. The bare, but clean parlor of whitewashed boards was filled with sadfaced but earnest-looking men, most of them graybearded and many still wearing the dangling machete and cotton uniforms of the Cuban soldier. The English language is not spoken in Catalina and Dr. Hubbell is no Spanish scholar, but be manages to make himself clearly understood. Through his interpreter, the eloquent young Cuban, Dr. Carbonell, he assured the people that the purpose of the Red Cross in never to offer demeaning charity, and that its representatives had come to Catalina merely as neighbors, to lend a helping hand in time of trouble, as all good neighbors should, whether nations or individuals. He explained the folly of bringing destitute children up to pauperage in idle city asylums, and the wisdom of training them to useful occupations, particularly farming, so that they may become self-supporting, soon as arrived at suitable age, and called upon Catalinians for help in this direction. They responded gladly and with extreme liberality, considering their impoverished condition. Dr. Flores tendered the use of an untilled tract of land; one offered to fence it, another to lend the mule and plow for its cultivation. A poor but benevolent farmer started the stocking of the ranch with three hens, and others gave in varying numbers until a dozen fowls were secured. One farmer endowed it with a sow and her litter, another donated a pair of goats, another a kid, and Dr. Hubbell promised the necessary plants and seeds. Thus was auspiciously inaugurated the first orphanage farm in Cuba, and from it the very best results are expected, not only for the children, but for their elders as well. When the time came to leave Catalina the entire population turned out en masse to escort us to the station, and, amid tears, flowers and blessings, we departed for other fields, promising to return at no distant day to see how they were carrying on the good work we had begun.

A TALE OF HORRORS. The fifteen-mile railway ride from Catalina to Guines, made on a May afternoon, is pleasure enough in itself to pay for a journey to Cuba, although the beautiful landscape has been sadly marred by the relentless hand of war and every house along the line is in ruins. Midway between the two towns is a startling reminder of Spanish methods. From the car window you see little of it but a black hole in the ground; but should you take the trouble to visit the spot from either village, as some of our party did. you would find that the narrow